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Hymns and Rhymes
FOR
HOME AND SCHOOL.

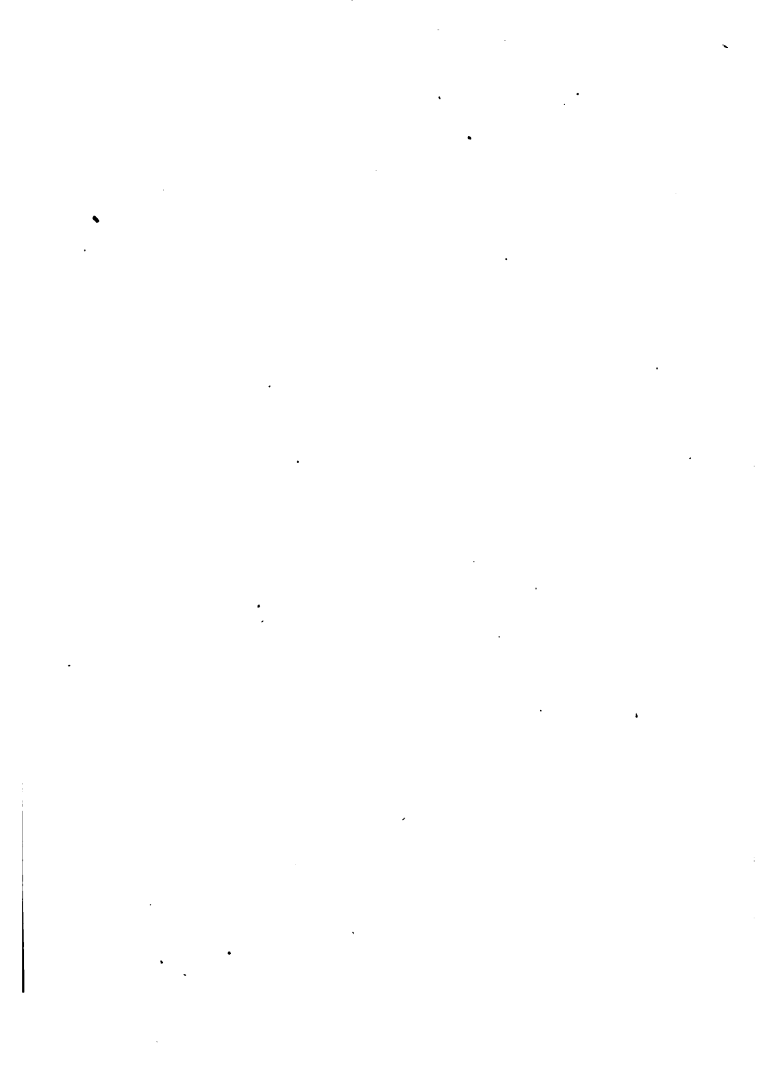
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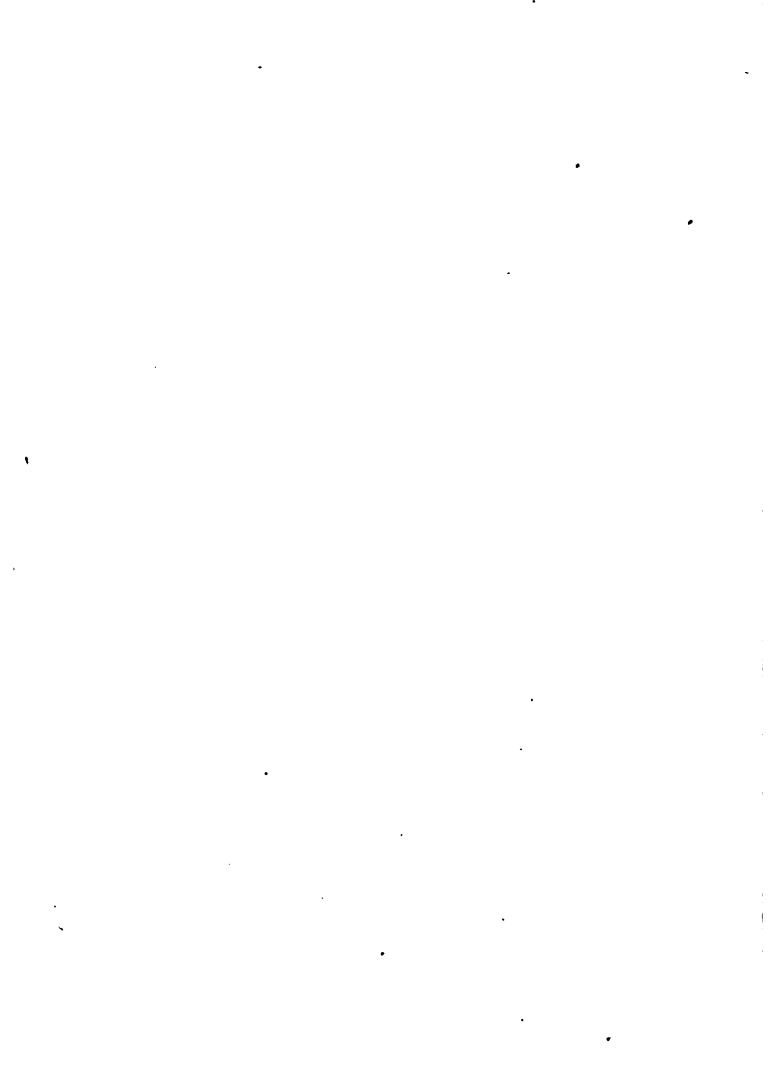
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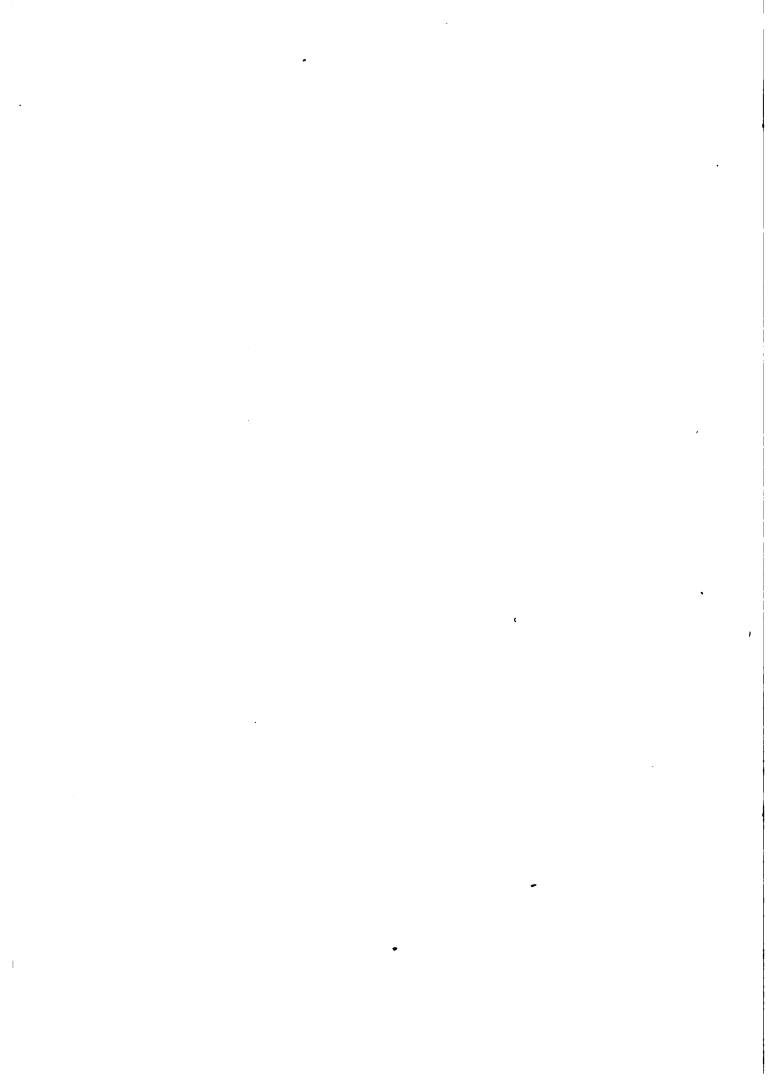


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HYMNS AND RHYMES
FOR
HOME AND SCHOOL.



HYMNS AND RHYMES

FOR

Home and School.

COLLECTED BY

MRS. C. S. GUILD,

COMPILER OF "HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN,"
AND "HYMNS OF THE AGES."



BOSTON:
NICHOLS AND HALL,

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1875.

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Misses Emma & Elizabeth Harris

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HYMNS AND RHYMES

FOR

HOME AND SCHOOL.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD,

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow ;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad ;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise ;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

GOOD WORDS.

THE BABY.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear ?
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue ?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin ?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear ?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high ?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose ?
Something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss ?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear ?
God spake, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands ?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things ?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all just come to be you ?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

And how did you come to us, you dear ?
God thought of *you*, and so I am here.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

MINDING BABY.

NURSE.

ROCK the cradle
Just a minute ;
Rock it gently,
Baby's in it.
If he's sleeping,
Do not wake him ;
If he rouses,
Nurse will take him.

Sing him now
Some little ditty,
Sweet and birdlike,
Low and pretty.
He will hear it,
In his slumbers,
And will feel
Its soothing numbers.

Sound and sounder
He'll be sleeping,
In the angels'
Holy keeping ;
For they always,
Darling Carrie,
Near to infants
Watch and tarry.

CARRIE.

Baby, baby,
Stop your play now,
And to sleep-land
Go away now.
As the bee's rocked
In the lily,
I will rock you,
Little Willie.

As the May-bough
Rocks the nest-bird,
I will rock you,
Mother's best bird.
Boys, at play there,
Hush your clatter !
Don't wake baby
With your chatter !

In the garden
Do not play now :
Go and frolic
In the hay-mow.
I am minding
Baby-brother ;
For, you see, I'm
Little mother.

GEORGE BENNETT.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

SISTER.

THROUGH the house what busy joy
Just because the infant boy
Has a tiny tooth to show !
I have got a double row,
All as white and all as small ;
Yet no one cares for mine at all.
He can say but half a word,
Yet that single sound 's preferred
To all the words that I can say
In the longest summer day.
He cannot walk ; yet if he put
With mimic motion out his foot,
As if he thought he were advancing,
It's prized more than my best dancing.

BROTHER.

Sister, I know you jesting are,
Yet O ! of jealousy beware.

If the smallest seed should be
In your mind, of jealousy,
It will spring and it will shoot
Till it bear the baneful fruit.
I remember you, my dear,
Young as is this infant here.
There was not a tooth of those
Your pretty even ivory rows,
But as anxiously was watch'd
Till it burst its shell new-hatch'd,
As if it a phoenix were,
Or some other wonder rare.
So when you began to walk —
So when you began to talk —
As now, the same encomiums pass'd.
'Tis not fitting this should last
Longer than our infant days :
A child is fed with milk and praise.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

GOING INTO BREECHES.

JOY to Philip ! he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Put the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,

Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little MANIKIN :
Never was there pride or bliss
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em,
Philip's limbs have got their freedom, —
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbade ;
Is he not a happy lad ?
Now he 's under other banners
He must leave his former manners ;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names ;
Puss-in-corners, hide-and-seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak !
Baste-the-bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, foot-ball sport away at ;
Show his skill and strength at cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket ;
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow ;
Climb a tree or scale a wall
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart ;

He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady ;
Brace his eye-balls stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come ;
And his grief must only speak
From the color in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature.
This and more must now be done,
Now the breeches are put on.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THE CHILD'S WORLD.

"**G**REAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You friendly Earth ! how far do you go
With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that
flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles ?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all ;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such
a dot :

You can love and think, and the Earth cannot !"

"LILLIPUT LECTURES."

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose are red ?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To take it as a joke,
And say, you 're glad 'twas Dolly's,
And not your head, that broke ?

Suppose you 're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown ?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without ?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less, while walking,
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy and girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

LITTLE SORROW.

AMONG the thistles on the hill,
In tears, sat Little Sorrow :
"I see a black cloud in the West,
'Twill bring a storm to-morrow.
And when it storms, where shall I be ?
And what will keep the rain from me ?
Woe's me !" said Little Sorrow.

"But now the air is soft and sweet,
The sunshine bright," said Pleasure ;
"Here is my pipe, — if you will dance,
I'll make my merriest measure ;
Or, if you choose, we'll sit beneath
The red-rose tree, and twine a wreath ;
Come, come with me !" said Pleasure.

"O, I want neither dance nor flowers, —
They're not for me," said Sorrow,
"When that black cloud is in the West,
And it will storm to-morrow !
And if it storm, what shall I do ?
I have no heart to play with you, —
Go ! Go !" said Little Sorrow.

But lo ! when came the morrow's morn,
The clouds were all blown over ;
The lark sprang singing from his nest
Among the dewy clover ;

And Pleasure called, "Come out and dance !
To-day you mourn no evil chance ;
The clouds have all blown over !"

"And if they have, alas ! alas !
Poor comfort that !" said Sorrow ;
"For if to-day we miss the storm,
'Twill surely come to-morrow, —
And be the fiercer for delay !
I am too sore at heart to play ;
Woe's me !" said Little Sorrow.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE TRY CHILDREN.

WE are the Try Children, so happy and bright
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try ;"
Our motto it is, and we know it is right,
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try."
Many men whom great we call
Chose this phrase when they were small ;
Perseverance conquers all, —
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try."
If we have long, difficult lessons to say,
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try ;"
Where there is a will, there is always a way ;
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try."
Onward, upward, push along,
This shall always be our song,
Though we're neither big nor strong,
We never say, "Can't," but, "I'll try."

BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there ;
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true ;
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or winter's snow.

Beautiful children of rich or poor,
Who walk the pathway, sweet and pure,
That leads to the mansion strong and sure.

BABE-JESUS.

BABE-JESUS lay on Mary's lap ;
The sun shone in his hair ;
And so it was she saw, mayhap,
The crown already there.

For she sang : " Sleep on, my little King !
Bad Herod dares not come ;
Before thee, sleeping, holy thing,
Wild winds would soon be dumb.

“I kiss thy hands, I kiss thy feet,
My King, so long desired ;
Thy hands shall ne’er be soiled, my sweet ;
Thy feet shall ne’er be tired.

“For thou art the King of men, my son ;
The crown I see it plain ;
And men shall worship thee every one,
And cry, ‘*Glory ! Amen !*’”

Babe-Jesus opened his eyes so wide ;
At Mary looked her Lord ;
And Mary stinted her song, and sighed :
Babe-Jesus said never a word.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE DOVE.

I KNEW a little sickly child ;
The long, long summer’s day,
When all the world was green and bright,
Alone in bed he lay.
There used to come a little dove
Before his window small,
And sing to him, with her sweet voice,
Out of the fir-tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,
And he could crawl along,
Close to the window he would creep,
And listen to her song ;

And he was gentle in his speech,
And quiet in his play,
He would not for the world have made
That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child, —
That whispers in his little heart
A song as sweet and mild.
It is the Holy Spirit of God,
That speaks his soul within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small voice,
Nor tempt it to depart, —
The Spirit great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart.
He must be pure, and good, and true,
Must strive, and watch, and pray ;
For unresisted sin at last
Will drive that Dove away.

EVENING HYMN.

AT the close of every day,
Lord, to thee I kneel and pray.
Look upon thy little child ;
Look in love and mercy mild.

Oh, forgive, and wash away
All my naughtiness this day ;
And, both when I sleep and wake,
Bless me for my Saviour's sake.

CHILD TO A ROSE.

WHITE-ROSE, talk to me !
I don't know what to do.
Why do you say no word to me,
Who say so much to you ?
I'm bringing you a little rain ;
And I shall be so proud,
If, when you feel it on your face,
You take me for a cloud.
Here I come so softly,
You cannot hear me walking ;
If I take you by surprise,
I may catch you talking.

White-Rose, are you tired
Of staying in one place ?
Do you ever wish to see
The wild-flowers face to face ?
Do you know the woodbines,
And the big brown crested reeds ?
Do you wonder how they live
So friendly with the weeds ?
Have you any work to do
When you've finished growing ?
Shall you teach your little buds
Pretty ways of blowing ?

Do you ever go to sleep?
Once I woke by night
And looked out of the window,
And there you stood moon-white, —
Moon-white in a mist of darkness, —
With never a word to say ;
But you seemed to move a little,
And then I ran away.
I should have felt no wonder,
After I hid my head,
If I had found you standing
Moon-white beside my bed.

White-Rose, do you love me ?
I only wish you 'd say,
I would work hard to please you,
If I but knew the way.
It seems so hard to be loving,
And not a sign to see
But the silence and the sweetness
For all as well as me.
I think you nearly perfect,
In spite of all your scorns ;
But, White-Rose, if I were you,
I *wouldn't* have those thorns.

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

FAMILY CONCORD.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

ISAAC WATTS.

MY MOTHER.

I MUST not tease my mother,
For she is very kind,
And every thing she says to me
I must directly mind ;

For when I was a baby,
And could not speak or walk,
She let me in her bosom sleep,
And taught me how to talk.

I must not tease my mother ;
And when she likes to read,
Or has the headache, I will step
Most silently indeed.
I will not choose a noisy play,
Nor trifling troubles tell,
But sit down quiet by her side,
And try to make her well.

I must not tease my mother ;
I've heard dear father say,
When I was in my cradle sick,
She nursed me night and day.
She lays me in my little bed,
She gives me clothes and food,
And I have nothing else to pay
But trying to be good.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

MOTHER AND FATHER.

O MY mother, I would be
Kind and gentle unto thee ;
Never may I wound that breast
Which fed and pillowed me to rest.

Father, I would be to you
Always faithful, kind, and true ;
And would honor and would love
My parents next to God above.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.

O H, how one ugly trick has spoiled
The sweetest and the best !
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possest,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she 'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it ;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid :
" Ah, well ! " thought she, " I'll try them on,
As soon as Grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide ;
And, looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box too she spied.

"O, what a pretty box is this !
I'll open it," said little miss.

"I know that Grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear !'
But, then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near ;
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this ?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid ;
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did ;
For, all at once, ah, woful case !
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth, and chin,
A dismal sight presented ;
And, as the snuff got further in,
Sincerely she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease,
She could do nothing else but sneeze !

She dash'd the spectacles away
To wipe her tingling eyes ;
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Heyday ! and what's the matter now ?"
Cried grandmamma, with lifted brow.

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore ;
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

TAYLOR.

LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party ;
And her little playmates all,
Gayly drest, came in their best,
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirred,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin ;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot ;
And went away before the rest,
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet ;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best, —
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And, when the dance was over,
They went downstairs to sup ;
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away,
Before the set of sun ;
And Lily said, " Good-by," and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead,
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

SPECKLEDY HEN.

SPECKLEDY hen, speckledy hen,
What do you do in my garden pen?
You scratch up my flowers, indeed you do,
And what in the world shall I say to you?

Mother will scold, — you know she will, —
And father will beat you for doing ill;
And I'd just like to know what you'll do then,
You dear little naughty speckledy hen.

POSIES FOR CHILDREN.

A LITTLE TOO PERT.

THERE was once a pretty chicken;
But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
In the world but what he knew:
So he always in the farm-yard
Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
What they ought to do and say.
“Mrs. Goose,” he said, “I wonder
That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
It will kill them to get wet.”

And, "I wish, my old Aunt Dorking,"
He began to her one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
In your nest upon the hay :
Won't you come out to the meadow,
Where the grass with seeds is filled ?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
"Then my eggs would all get chilled."
"No, they won't," replied the chicken ;
"And no matter if they do.
Eggs are really good for nothing :
What's an egg to me or you ?"

"What's an egg ?" said Mrs. Dorking.
"Can it be you do not know
You yourself were in an egg-shell
Just one little month ago ?
And, if kind wings had not warmed you,
You could not be out to-day,
Telling hens and geese and turkeys
What they ought to do and say !
To be very wise and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt ;
But, when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

WHEN the arts in their infancy were,
In a fable of old 'tis express'd,
A wise magpie constructed that rare
Little house for young birds, called a nest.

This was talked of the whole country round ;
You might hear it on every bough sung,
“ Now no longer upon the rough ground
Will fond mothers brood over their young :

For the magpie, with exquisite skill,
Has invented a moss-cover'd cell,
Within which a whole family will
In the utmost security dwell.”

To her mate did each female bird say,
“ Let us fly to the magpie, my dear :
If she will but teach us the way,
A nest we will build us up here.

It's a thing that's close arch'd overhead,
With a hole made to creep out and in ;
We, my bird, might make just such a bed,
If we only knew how to begin.”

To the magpie soon every bird went,
And in modest terms made their request,
That she would be pleased to consent
To teach them to build up a nest.

She replied, “ I will show you the way,
So observe every thing that I do :
First two sticks 'cross each other I lay ” —
“ To be sure,” said the crow, “ why I knew

"It must be begun with two sticks,
And I thought that they crossed should be."
Said the pie, "Then some straw and moss mix,
In the way you now see done by me."

"O yes, certainly," said the jackdaw,
"That must follow, of course, I have thought ;
Though I never before building saw,
I guess'd that, without being taught."

"More moss, more straw, and feathers I place,
In this manner," continued the pie.
"Yes, no doubt, madam, that is the case ;
Though no builder myself, so thought I."

Whatever she taught them beside,
In his turn every bird of them said,
Though the nest-making art he ne'er tried,
He had just such a thought in his head.

Still the pie went on showing her art,
Till a nest she had built up half-way ;
She no more of her skill would impart,
But in anger went fluttering away.

And this speech in their hearing she made,
As she perch'd o'er their heads on a tree :
"If ye all were well skill'd in my trade,
Pray, why came ye to learn it of me?"

When a scholar is willing to learn,
 He with silent submission should hear ;
 Too late they their folly discern,
 The effect to this day does appear.

For whenever a pie's nest you see,
 Her charming warm canopy view,
 All birds' nests but hers seem to be
 A magpie's nest just cut in two.*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

SLEEPING IN THE SUNSHINE.

SLEEPING in the sunshine,
 Fie, fie, fie !
 While the birds are soaring
 High, high, high !
 While the buds are opening sweet,
 And the blossoms at your feet
 Look a smiling face to greet.
 Fie, fie, fie !

Sleeping in the sunshine,
 Fie, fie, fie !
 While the bee goes humming
 By, by, by !
 Is there no small task for you, —
 Naught for little hands to do ?
 Shame to sleep the morning through !
 Fie, fie, fie !

NURSERY.

*The magpie is the only bird that builds a top to the nest for her young.

CLEANLINESS.

COME, my little Robert, near, —
Fie ! what filthy hands are here !
Who, that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divinê,
Strong, yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin
You may see the blood within, —
Who this hand would choose to cover
With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it look'd in hue and shape
Like the fore foot of an ape !
Man or boy, that works or plays
In the fields or the highways,
May, without offence or hurt,
From the soil contract a dirt,
Which the next clear spring or river
Washes out and out for ever.
But to cherish stains impure,
Soil deliberate to endure,
On the skin to fix a stain
Till it works into the grain,
Argues a degenerate mind,
Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,
Wanting in that self-respect
Which does virtue best protect.

All-endearing cleanliness,
Virtue next to godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needfulest duty,
To the body health and beauty ;
Who that 's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it ?

MARY LAMB.

A VERY NICE. PAIR.

TWO magpies sat on a garden rail,
As it might be Wednesday week ;
And one little magpie wagged his tail
In the other little magpie's beak.

And, doubling like a fist his little claw-hand,
Said this other, " Upon my word,
This is more than flesh and blood can stand,
Of magpie or any other bird."

So they picked and they scratched each other's little
eyes,
Till all that was left on the rail
Was the beak of one of the little magpies,
And the other little magpie's tail.

NURSERY NONSENSE.

FEIGNED COURAGE.

HORATIO, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane ;
And, as the fumes of valor swell'd his pate,
Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that* :

"And now," he cries, "I will Achilles be;
My sword I brandish; see, the Trojans flee!
Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughter'd Grecians made!
And now my deeds, still braver, I'll evince,
I am no less than Edward the Black Prince.
Give way, ye coward French!" As thus he spoke,
And aim'd in fancy a sufficient stroke
To fix the fate of Creçy or Poitiers
(The Muse relates the hero's fate with tears),
He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
Ah! where is now that boasted valor flown,
That in the tented field so late was shown?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

ALONE IN THE DARK.

SHE has taken out the candle,
She has left me in the dark;
From the window not a glimmer,
From the fireplace not a spark.

I am frightened as I'm lying
All alone here in my bed,
And I've wrapped the clothes as closely
As I can around my head.

There are birds out on the bushes,
In the meadow lies the lamb ;
How I wonder if they 're ever
Half as frightened as I am ;

If they shake like me, and shiver
When they happen to awake,
With the dark sky all around them,
Ere the day begins to break.

But what is it makes me tremble ?
And why should I fear the gloom ?
I am certain there is nothing
In the corners of the room.

When the candle burned so brightly,
I could see them every one :
Are they changed to something fearful,
Only just because it's gone ?

Though I speak, and no one answers,
In the quiet of the night,
Though I look, and through the blackness
Cannot see one gleaming light ;

Still I know there 's One who seeth
In the night as in the day,
For to him the darkness dreary
Is as bright as noontide ray.

And perhaps while I am trying
How my foolish face to hide,
There is one of his good angels
Standing watching at my side.

Then I'll turn and sleep more soundly,
When one little prayer I've prayed;
For there's nothing in the darkness
That should make a child afraid.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD.

IF the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one were nine;
If the pony rode his master;
If the buttercups ate the cows;
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gypsy for half a crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady, —
The world would be upside-down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be inside-out!

"LILLIPUT LEVER."

KITTY.

ALAS! little Kitty — do give her your pity! —
Had lived seven years, and was never called
pretty!
Her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull
blue,

And her cheeks were so freckled
They looked like the speckled
Wild-lilies, which down in the meadow-lands grew.
If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls,
She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted,
But they were all pretty, and they were all petted ;
While poor little Kitty, though striving her best
To do her child's-duty,
Not sharing their beauty,
Was always neglected and never caressed.
All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true,
While her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull
blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover-blooms sitting,
She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her
flitting ;
A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet
Than the winds, blowing over
The red-blossomed clover,
Made her thrill with delight from her head to her
feet ;
And a voice, sweet and rare, whispered low in the air,
" See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there ! "

Thrice blessed little Kitty ! She almost looked pretty !
Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity !
O juvenile charmers ! with shoulders of snow,

Ruby lips, sunny tresses, —
Forms made for caresses, —
There's one thing, my beauties ! 'tis well you should
know :
Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft
hair,
It is only *good* children the angels call fair.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

A LITTLE boy got out of bed,
'Twas only six o'clock ;
And out of window poked his head,
And spied a crowing cock.

The little boy said, " Mr. Bird,
Pray tell me, who are you ? "
And all the answer that he heard
Was, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

" What would you think, if you were me, "
He said, " and I were you ? "
But still that bird provokingly
Cried, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "

" How many times, you stupid head,
Goes three in twenty-two ? "
That old bird winked one eye, and said
Just, " Cock-a doodle-doo ! "

He slammed the window down again,
When up that old bird flew ;
And, pecking at the window-pane,
Cried, " Cock-a-doodle-doodle-doodle-doo ! "

NURSERY NONSENSE.

JACK'S MENAGERIE.

" **T**HIS is our grand menagerie,
Beneath the crooked cherry-tree.
The exhibition now begins :
Admittance, only thirteen pins ;
And if the pins you cannot borrow,
Why, then, we 'll trust you, till to-morrow.
Don't be afraid to walk inside,
The animals are safely tied.

" This is the elephant on the right :
Don't meddle with him, or he 'll bite.
(He 's Rover, Neddie's dog, you know.
I wish he wouldn't fidget so !
He doesn't think it fun to play
Wild beast, and be chained up all day.)
We 'll feed him, pretty soon, with meat ;
Though grass is what he ought to eat.

" In that box are the kangaroos :
Go near and pat them if you choose.
(They 're very much like Susie's rabbits,
With just a change of name and habits.)

You'll find them lively as a top :
See, when I poke them, how they hop !
They are not fierce ; but oh ! take care :
We now approach the grizzly bear.

" See her long claws, and only hear
Her awful growl when I go near !
We found her lying on a rug,
And just escaped her fearful hug. ·
It took some time to get her caged :
She's terrible when she's enraged.
(You think, perhaps, it's Mabel's cat,
But don't you be too sure of that !)

" Here is the ostrich in her pen
(It's Ernest's little bantam-hen) :
She came from Africa, of course,
And runs as fast as any horse ;
And up above there is a bird
Of whom you all have often heard, —
The eagle." (" That is not," says Mary,
" A pretty name for my canary.")

Just at this point, I grieve to say,
The elephant broke quite away,
O'erthrew the grizzly bear in rage,
Upset the eagle in his cage,
Flew at the kangaroos, and then
Attacked the ostrich in her pen.
Thus ended Jack's menagerie,
Beneath the crooked cherry-tree !

PUSSY-CAT.

PUSSY-CAT lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back, and purr ;
The little mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir.

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy-cat says, "Come out, if you dare !
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese ;
The Pussy-cat says, "It smells very nice,
Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little mouse, "Squeak, squeak,
squeak,"
Said all the young ones too ;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of YOU."

So the cunning old cat lay down on a mat
By the fire in the servants' hall :
"If the little mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep ;"
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese,
That silly old cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went all the little mice,
And they licked their little paws ;
Then the cunning old cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

KITTY IN THE BASKET.

“ **W**HERE is my little basket gone ? ”
Said Charlie boy one day ;

“ I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

“ And Kitty too, I can't find her.
O dear, what shall I do ?
I wish I could my basket find,
And little Kitty too.

“ I'll go to mother's room and look ;
Perhaps she may be there,
For Kitty loves to take a nap
In mother's easy-chair.

“ Oh, mother ! mother ! come and look !
See what a little heap !
My Kitty's in the basket here,
All cuddled down to sleep.”

He took the basket carefully,
And brought it in a minute,
And showed it to his mother dear,
With little Kitty in it.

THE FIREMEN.

HARK! the city bells are ringing!
What's the news that they are bringing?
Now the sound comes higher, nigher;
And the cry is, "Fire! fire!"

Start the engines! —quicker, faster!
Help to stop the great disaster!
Bring the hose, and bring the ladder:
See the flames grow mad and madder!

Now, boys, work away! be ready
With a stream that's full and steady:
On the smoking rafters pour it
Till the fire gives way before it.

Ah! what is it, as I clamber,
That I see in yonder chamber?
'Tis a child, that love should cherish:
I must rescue it, or perish.

On a ladder, burning, bending,
See the fireman bold ascending:
At the risk of life, he's going
Where the fiercest flames are glowing.

From a bed the child he snatches.
Ah! the fire still wider catches:
It would stay him, and surround him;
But no danger can confound him.

See! a blazing timber crashes.
Through the blinding smoke he dashes :
At the window now appearing,
See him pause, his burden rearing.

But his pause was quickly ended,
As he faced that peril splendid :
Down he slid where flames would smother,
And the child gave to its mother.

EMILY CARTER.

THE LITTLE DREAMER.

A LITTLE boy was dreaming,
Upon his nurse's lap,
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So, when his dream was over,
What should that little boy do ?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true.

NURSERY NONSENSE.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE 'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in the
tree,

"He 's singing to me ! he 's singing to me !"

And what does he say, little girl, little boy ?

"Oh, the world is running over with joy !

Don't you hear? Don't you see?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I am as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you
see,
And five eggs hid by me in the juniper-tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad, now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy;
But long it won't be,
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be?"

LUCY LARCOM.

LOST! THREE LITTLE ROBINS!

OH! where is the boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who climbed up a tree in the orchard to-day,
And carried my three little birdies away?
They hardly were dressed,
When he took from the nest
My three little robins, and left me bereft.

O wrens ! have you seen, in your travels to-day,
A very small boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little robins away ?

He had light-colored hair,
And his feet were both bare.

Ah, me ! he was cruel and mean, I declare.

O butterfly ! stop just one moment, I pray :
Have *you* seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
Who carried my three little birdies away ?

He had pretty blue eyes,
And was small of his size :

Ah ! he must be wicked, and not very wise.

O bees ! with your bags of sweet nectarine, stay !
Have *you* seen a boy, dressed in jacket of gray,
And carrying three little birdies away ?

Did he go through the town,
Or go sneaking around

Through hedges and by-ways, with head hanging
down ?

O boy with blue eyes, dressed in jacket of gray !
If you will bring back my three robins to-day,
With sweetest of music the gift I'll repay.

I'll sing all day long

My merriest song,

And I will forgive you this terrible wrong.

Bobolinks ! did you see my birdies and me,
How happy we were on the old apple-tree,

Until I was robbed of my young, as you see ?
Oh, how can I sing,
Unless he will bring
My three robins back to sleep under my wing.

AUNT CLARA, *Nursery.*

THE BIRD'S RETURN.

“WHERE have you been, little birdie, —
Where have you been so long ?”

“Warbling in glee
Far o'er the sea,
And learning for you a new song,
My sweet, —
Learning for you a new song.

“Why did you go, little birdie, —
Why did you go from me ?”

“Winter was here,
Leafless and drear ;
And so I flew over the sea,
My sweet, —
So I flew over the sea.”

“What did you see, little birdie ? —
What did you see each day ?”

“Sunshine and flowers,
Blossoms and bowers,
And pretty white lambkins at play,
My sweet, —
Pretty white lambkins at play.”

"Who kept you safe, little birdie, —
Who kept you safe from harm?"

"The Father of all,
Of great and of small:
He sheltered me under his arm,
My sweet, —
Under his dear, loving arm."

GEORGE COOPER.

LITTLE BIRD! LITTLE BIRD!

"**L**ITTLE bird! little bird! come to me!
I have a green cage ready for thee, —
Beauty-bright flowers I bring to you,
And fresh, ripe cherries all wet with dew."

"Thanks, little maiden, for all thy care, —
But I dearly love the clear, cool air;
And my snug little nest in the old oak-tree
Is better than golden cage for me."

"Little bird! little bird! where wilt thou go,
When the fields are all buried in snow?
The ice will cover the old oak-tree, —
Little bird! little bird! stay with me."

"Nay, little damsel; away I'll fly
To greener fields and a warmer sky;
When spring returns with pattering rain,
You will hear my merry song again."

"Little bird, little bird ! who'll guide thee
Over the hills, and over the sea ?
Foolish one, come in the house to stay ;
For I 'm very sure you'll lose your way."

"Ah, no, little maiden ! God guides me
Over the hills, and over the sea :
I will be free as the rushing air,
Chasing the sunlight everywhere !".

JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

A DAISY'S REVERIE.

THE oak-tree stands in the sunlight,
I grow in the shade at its feet :
God gives to us both his blessing,
And my life, it is sweet, is sweet.

I 'm only a small, pale daisy,
That can hold but a drop of dew :
In the morning the oak-tree is splendid,
And gleams with a million or two !

But I can look up and behold him,
The grand and magnificent thing !
How must it seem to that robin,
That can sit in its boughs and sing ?

Though birdie can't live there always,
His nest 's in another tree, —
While this is my house, — and his singing
Is sweet, as though sung but for me !

My nights, they are long and dark here,
As I lie in the dewy grass.
Yet the wind parts the oak-leaves often,
And I watch the great stars pass !

God scatters so many flowers
Over the earth, you know ;
How sweet that he gave to this daisy
So pleasant a place to grow !

There 's a flush of pink on my petals,
Come there since the first June sun,
I thank him for this new beauty,
And all the good he has done !

Though the oak-tree is tall and stately,
I grow in the shade at his feet :
God gives to both his blessing,
And my life is sweet, is sweet !

GOOD-BY, BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

BUTTERCUP and daisy,
Lily and bluebell,
Foxglove tall and violet ;
Rose and pimpernel ;
Linnet, thrush, and blackbird,
Finch, and Jenny Wren,
Good-by, pretty darlings !
Soon we 'll meet again.

Little stars will watch you
Through the winter cold,
Till, with smiles of beauty,
Spring-time buds unfold :
Then I 'll seek you early,
Birds upon the tree !
Welcomes sweet you 'll warble,
Pretty ones, to me.

I will catch you, lily,
Laughing in your bed ;
I will kiss you, daisy,
Till your cheeks be red.
You may hide, sweet pansy :
I will find you out,
Where you, from your moss-couch,
Slyly peep about.

Buttercup so dainty,
I will have your gold ;
Bluebell, pink, and foxglove,
All the gems you hold !
Good-by, then, till spring-time,
Till the rosy hours ;
Then will I be with you,
Pretty birds and flowers.

MATTHIAS BARR.

IN THE FIELDS.

AIRY budding ash-tree,
You have made a throne,
And the sweetest thrush in all the world
Is sitting there alone :
Drawn in tints of tender brown
Against a keen blue sky,
He sings up and he sings down,
Who can pass him by ?

Through the thin leaves thrilling
Goes each glittering note,
Hearts of all happy trees are drawn
Into this one bird-throat ;
And all the growing blooms of morn
(This music is so strong)
Are reach'd and blended and upborne
And utter'd into song.

O world ! when spring is shining,
And dark winds stand aside,
Let men think of you as they may,
The birds are satisfied ;
Their dauntless hymns of hope arise
With such a wealth of will ;
Though every year the Summer dies,
They trust her promise still.

Airy budding ash-tree,
Try to show your power,
Make a leaf for each gay note
He makes in half an hour !
Wild flowers in the grass, be taught
The music of your parts ;
Make a bud for each bright thought
He gives to passing hearts !

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

SUMMER.

SUMMER is in the air, odors are everywhere ;
Idle birds are singing loud and clear ;
Brooks are bubbling over ; heads of crimson clover
On the edges of the field appear.

All the meadow blazes with buttercups and daisies,
And the very hedges are tangles of perfume ;
Butterflies go brushing, all their plumage crushing,
In among this wilderness of bloom.

The thorn-flower bursts its sheath, the bramble hangs
a wreath,
And blue-eyed grasses beckon to the sun ;
While gypsy pimpernel waits, eager to foretell
When rainy clouds are gathering one by one.

The very world is blushing, is carolling and gushing
Its heart out in a melody of song ;
While simple weeds seem saying, in grateful transport
praying,
" Unto Him our praises all belong ! "

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O GENTLE, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine, —
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

In heat the landscape quivering lies ;
The cattle pant beneath the tree ;
Through parching air and purple skies
The Earth looks up, in vain, for thee ;
For thee, for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew ! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kissed,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain !

W. C. BENNETT.

GOOD TEMPER.

THERE 'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear ;
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.

It lends the day a new delight, —
 'Tis virtue's firmest shield ;
And adds more beauty to the night
 Than all the stars may yield.

It maketh poverty content ;
 To sorrow whispers peace ;
It is a gift from Heaven sent
 For mortals to increase.
It meets you with a smile at morn,
 It lulls you to repose ;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
 An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away,
 To snatch from brow the care ;
Turn tears to smiles, make dulness gay,
 Spreads gladness everywhere.
And yet 'tis cheap as summer dew,
 That gems the lily's breast ;
A talisman for love, as true
 As ever man possessed.

As smiles the rainbow through the cloud,
 When threatening storm begins ;
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
 That still its sweet way wins ;
As steals an arch across the tide
 Where waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
 This angel of our home.

What may this wondrous spirit be,
With power unheard before, —
This charm, this bright divinity? —
Good temper, — nothing more!
Good temper! 'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE WAVES.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
That toss about and roar;
Why do you all run back again
When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
Roll higher up the strand;
How is it that you cannot pass
That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
Make haste, you noisy sea;
Roll quite across the bank, and then
Far on across the lea.

"We must not dare," the waves reply:
"That line of yellow sand
Is laid along the shore to bound
The waters and the land;

“And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And little boys at school.”

THE OLD CLOCK.

THAT old clock's face yet keeps its place,
And wheels its hands around,
His bob still swings, his bell still rings,
As when I heard his sound
On leaving home so long ago,
And left him ticking, ticking slow.

No rust yet clogs its catching cogs,
To keep its wheels all still,
No blow e'er fell to crack his bell,
That hourly ringles shrill.
I wish *my* life were guided on
As true as that old clock has gone.

Alas! this life is full of strife,
Our ticking is not true,
These clashing cogs and wheels and bobs
Are wearing me and you.
But when this earthly clock grows old,
We'll wind in heaven with chain of gold.

A MATCH OF QUESTIONS.

JOHN AND THOMAS.

7. **W**HERE the stream of the river may bound,
All in foam, over block upon block
Of gray stone, shall we say that the sound
Is the sound of the stream or the rock?

T. Where the black-spotted bean-bloom is out,
As we talk of the smell, do we mean
That the sweetness that wavers about
Is the smell of the wind or the bean?

7. Where the sunlight that plays off and on,
In the brook-pool, may dazzle your sight,
Would you say that the bow-neck'd swan
Is in gleams of the pool or the light?

T. When your head should have met, in the night,
With the door, and be ready to split,
Would you say, if you wished to be right,
'Twas the head or the door that was hit?

7. When the heart may leap high at the sight
Of the dwelling of some belov'd face,
Shall we take it that all our delight
Is a charm of the face or the place?

T. When a pretty girl's father, one night,
Set the dog at a youth, that would scan
Her abode, should we think the poor wight
Put to flight by the dog or the man ?

Ț. Ah ! you only can turn it to fun.

T. And he only could learn how to run.

WILLIAM BARNES.

JOHN TALKING ANGRILY OF A NEIGH- BOR BEFORE AN ECHO.

WHO is he ? I should like to be told ;
What is he ? I should wish him to show ;
Why, the Brines' name will stand good for gold,
While the Browns are a set that none know.

Echo. No, no.

No, I'm not ashamed of my place ;
No, I'm not ashamed of my name ;
No, I can well hold up my face,
While he must hang his down for shame.

Echo. For shame !

Since now he bestrides an old mare,
His lips, O with pride how they pout !
Though his feet once trudged about bare,
When I had a horse to ride out.

Echo. I doubt.

No, he's not too safe from a fall :
If a half I am told is but true,
I could very soon make him look small,
With a turn I could very well do.

Echo. Well, do !

His pride would have come to an end
Long ago, as it must bye and bye,
If I had not stood for his friend
As I did, and the greater oaf I.

Echo. O, fie !

I may be a little foreright,
But I never would do on the sly
Little doings, not fit for the light ;
You will never find me in a lie.

Echo. A lie.

WILLIAM BARNES, *Rural Poems.*

CHOICE OF TRADES.

A DIALOGUE.

First Boy.

WHEN I'm a man, — a man, —
I'll be a farmer, if I can ;
I'll plough the ground, and the seed I'll sow ;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow ;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it up in the mow away,
When I'm a man !

Second Boy.

When I 'm a man,
I 'll be a carpenter, if I can ;
I 'll plane like *this*, and I 'll hammer *so* !
And *this* is the way my saw shall go.
I 'll make bird-houses, and sleds, and boats,
And a ship that shall race every craft that floats,
When I 'm a man !

Third Boy.

When I 'm a man,
A blacksmith I 'll be, if I can :
Clang, clang, clang, shall my anvil ring,
And *this* is the way the blows I 'll swing.
I 'll shoe your horse, sir, neat and tight,
Then I 'll trot round the square to see if 'tis right,
When I 'm a man !

Fourth Boy.

When I 'm a man,
A mason I 'll be, if I can ;
I 'll lay a brick this way, and lay one that,
Then take my trowel and smooth them flat.
Great chimneys I 'll make : I think I 'll be able
To build one as high as the Tower of Babel,
When I 'm a man !

Fifth Boy.

When I 'm a man,
I 'll be a shoemaker, if I can ;

I'll sit on a bench, with my last *held so*,
And *in* and *out* shall my needle go.
I'll sew so strong that my work shall wear,
Till nothing is left but my stitches there,
When I'm a man !

Sixth Boy.

When I'm a man,
A printer I'll be, if I can ;
I'll make pretty books, and perhaps I shall
Print the leaves of the Little Corporal !
I'll have the first reading : O, won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done,
When I'm a man ?

Seventh Boy.

When I'm a man,
A doctor I'll be, if I can ;
My powders and pills shall be nice and sweet,
And you shall have just what you like to eat.
I'll prescribe for you riding, and sailing, and such,
And, above all things, you never must study too much,
When I'm a man.

Together.

When we are men,
We hope we shall do great things, and then,
Whatever we do, this thing we'll say,
We'll do our work in the very best way ;
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be *good* and *honest* and *useful* men,
When we are men !

LEND A HAND.

LEND a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life :
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow ;
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another.
When malicious tongues have thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift in shame and sorrow ;
And the good man of to-day
May become the bad to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another.
In the race for Honor's crown,
Should it fall upon your brother,
Let not envy tear it down.
Lend a hand to all, we pray,
In their sunshine or their sorrow ;
And the prize they've won to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

A LESSON IN RHYME.

A MAN, very lame, was a little to blame
To stray far away from his humble abode ;
Hot, thirsty, bemired, and heartily tired,
He laid himself down on the road.

While thus he reclined, a man that was blind
Came by and entreated his aid :
“ Deprived of my sight, unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach my home, I ’m afraid.”

“ Intelligence give of the place where you live,”
Said the cripple, — “ perhaps I may know it ;
In my road it may be, and if you ’ll carry me
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

Great strength you have got, which, alas ! I have not ;
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is ;
For the use of your back, for the eyes that you lack
My pair shall be much at your service.”

Said the poor blind man, “ What a wonderful plan !
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother ;
I see all mankind, if they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another.”

THE COFFEE-SLIPS.

WHENE'ER I fragrant coffee drink,
I on the generous Frenchman think,
Whose noble perseverance bore
The tree to Martinico's shore.
While yet her colony was new,
Her island products but a few,
Two shoots from off a coffee-tree
He carried with him o'er the sea.
Each little tender coffee-slip
He waters daily in the ship;
And, as he tends his embryo trees,
Feels he is raising 'midst the seas
Coffee groves, whose ample shade
Shall screen the dark Creolian maid.
But soon, alas ! his darling pleasure,
In watching this his precious treasure,
Is like to fade ; for water fails
On board the ship in which he sails.
Now all the reservoirs are shut,
The crew on short allowance put ;
So small a drop is each man's share,
Few leavings you may think there are
To water these poor coffee-plants !
But he supplies their gasping wants ;
Even from his own dry, parchèd lips
He spares it for his coffee-slips.
Water he gives his nurslings first,
Ere he allays his own deep thirst ;

Lest if he first the water sip
He bear too far his eager lip.
He sees them droop, for want of more ;
Yet, when they reach the destined shore,
With pride the heroic gardener sees
A living sap still in his trees.
The islanders his praise resound ;
Coffee plantations rise around ;
And Martinico loads her ships
With produce from those dear-saved slips.*

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

ONE LITTLE ACT.

I SAW a man, with tottering steps,
Come down a gravelled walk one day ;
The honored frost of many years
Upon his scattered thin locks lay.
With trembling hand he strove to raise
The latch that held the little gate,
When rosy lips looked up and smiled, —
A silvery child-voice said, " Please wait."

A little girl oped wide the gate,
And held it till he passed quite through,
Then closed it, raising to his face
Her modest eyes of winsome blue.

* The Frenchman's name was Desclieux ; and the story is to be found in the Abbé Raynal's " History of the Settlements and Trade of the Europeans in the East and West Indies."

"May Heaven bless you, little one,"
The old man said, with tear-wet eyes ;
"Such deeds of kindness to the old
Will be rewarded in the skies."

'Twas such a little thing to do, —
A moment's time it took, no more ;
And then the dancing, graceful feet
Had vanished through the school-room door.
And yet I 'm sure the angels smiled,
And penned it down in words of gold ;
'Tis such a blessed thing to see
The young so thoughtful of the old.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

KIND words can never die,
Cherished and blest ;
God knows how deep they lie,
Stored in the breast ;
E'en childhood's simple rhymes,
Said o'er a thousand times,
Go through all years and climes,
The heart to cheer.

Chorus. Kind words can never die, never die,
Kind words can never die, — no, never die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,
Though, like the flowers,
Their brightest hues may fly
In wintry hours.

But when the gentle dew
Gives them their charms anew,
With many an added hue
They bloom again.

Chorus. Kind thoughts can never die, &c.

Our souls can never die,
Though in the tomb
We may all have to lie,
Wrapt in its gloom.
What though the flesh decay ;
Souls pass in peace away, —
Live through eternal day
With God above.

Chorus. Our souls can never die, never die,
Our souls can never die, — no, never die.

THE LITTLE BELL IN THE HEART.

MY heart keeps knocking all the day !
What does it mean ? What does it say ?
My heart keeps knocking all the night !
Child, hast thou thought of that aright ?
So long it has knocked, now loud, now low :
Hast thou thought what it means by knocking so ?

My child, 'tis a lively little bell,
The dear God's gift who loves thee well :
On the door of the soul by him 'tis hung,
And by his hand it still is rung ;

And he stands without, and waits to see
Whether within he will welcome be ;
And still keeps knocking, in hopes to win
The welcome answer, " Come in, come in ! "

So knocks thy heart now day by day ;
And when its knocks have died away,
And all its knockings on earth are o'er,
It will knock itself at Heaven's door,
And stand without, and wait to see
Whether within it will welcome be,
And to hear Him say, " Come, dearest guest,
I found in thy bosom a holy rest :
As thou hast done, be it done to thee ;
Come into the joys of Eternity ! "

FROM THE GERMAN.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

ALL in the time of winter,
When the fields were white with snow,
A babe was born in Bethlehem,
A long time ago.
Oh, what a thing was that, good folks,
That the Lord whom we do know
Should have been a babe for all our sakes,
To take away our woe !

Not in a golden castle
Was this sweet babe y-born ;
But only in a stable,
With cattle and with corn :

But forth a-field the angels
Were singing in the air ;
And, when the shepherds heard the news,
To that child they did repair.

The wise men, also, from the East
Were guided by a star :
Oh ! I wonder often, at this day,
Where those good wise men are.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

WORDS TO THE DREAMER.

" Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire.
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul."

GEORGE HERBERT.

UP, dreamer, from thy reverie !
Up, dreamer, and away !
Sit not with folded hands so long
From morn till closing day.

The sun is ever turning round,
He scorneth to be still, —
The trees shoot upward from the ground,
And ever runs the rill.

Winds ever blow, clouds ever move,
And ever stir the leaves,
And the glad sea eternally
Its solemn grandeur heaves.

The stars are moving every one
Onward in paths of light,
Ever you hear the ceaseless hum
Of Nature, morn and night.

Up, dreamer, from thy reverie !—
The warrior's blade is dim
That idly rests within its sheath,
No laurels bloom for him.

The bended bow that hangs too long
Upon the castle wall
Unstrained by stalwart arm, when strung,
Snaps faithless to the call.

That tome of olden minstrelsie,
Dust-covered on thy shelf,
When opened,—lo ! the worm hath gnawed
Each tale of fay and elf.

The lute neglected, when at last
You strike the shattered string,
Wails forth such jangling melody,
That tear-drops gladly spring.

Up, dreamer, from thy reverie !—
There 's work for thee to do ;
Time's seed-field, white with ripened grain,
Lies open to thy view.

Take down thy sickle from the wall,
And bare thy arm for toil,
Strike in, and do not leave a straw
Of all the generous spoil.

Heap up, heap up the creaking wain
Ere blighting mildews fall,
And winnow well the golden grain,
Then safely store it all.

And thou shalt know how sweet is toil,
And glad thy heart shall be
When thou shalt gaze on thy rich store,
Seed for Eternity.

C. G. FENNER.

THE BEGGAR-MAN.

ABJECT, stooping, old, and wan,
See yon wretched beggar-man ;
Once a father's hopeful heir,
Once a mother's tender care.
When too young to understand,
He but scorch'd his little hand
By the candle's flaming light
Attracted, dancing, spiral, bright ;
Clasping fond her darling round,
A thousand kisses heal'd the wound :
Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
No mother tends the beggar-man.

Then nought too good for him to wear,
With cherub face and flaxen hair,
In fancy's choicest gauds arrayed,
Cap of lace with rose to aid ;

Milk-white hat and feather blue ;
Shoes of red ; and coral too ;
With silver bells to please his ear,
And charm the frequent ready tear.
Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
Neglected is the beggar-man.

See the boy advance in age,
And Learning spreads her useful page ;
In vain — for giddy Pleasure calls,
And shows the marbles, tops, and balls.
What's learning to the charms of play ?
Th' indulgent tutor must give way.
A heedless, wilful dunce, and wild,
The parents' fondness spoiled the child ;
The youth in vagrant courses ran.
Now abject, stooping, old, and wan,
Their fondling is the beggar-man.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

DO GOOD.

AH, child ! the stream that brings
To thirsty lips their drink
Is seldom drain'd ; for springs
Pour water to its brink.

The wellsprings that supply
The streams are seldom spent,
For clouds of rain come by
To pay them what they lent.

The clouds that cast their rain
On lands that yield our food,
Have water from the main,
To make their losses good.

The sea is paid by lands,
With streams by ev'ry shore ;
So give with kindly hands,
For God can give you more.

He would that in a ring
His blessings should be sent,
From living thing to thing,
But nowhere staid or spent.

And ev'ry soul that takes,
But yields not on again,
Is so a link that breaks
In Heaven's love-made chain.

WILLIAM BARNES.

ANOTHER'S SORROW.

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too ?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share ?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear, —

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the table near,
Weeping tear on infant tear?

And not sit, both night and day,
Weeping all our tears away?
Oh, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small;
He becomes a man of woe;
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou can'st sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh, he gives to us his joy,
That our griefs he may destroy!
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

PRAYER OF THE EARNEST HEART.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be,
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay,
But would smite the living fountain
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side !

A CHILD'S BOOK OF RELIGION.

UNSEEN COMPANIONS.

HAND in hand with angels,
Through the world we go ;
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know.

Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we deaf will own ;
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels ;
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light.

Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal grasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer clasp.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say.

Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one,
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF RELIGION.

JESUS CHRIST.

THEN what if our feet may not tread where he
stood,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor our eyes see the cross which he bowed him to
bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer ?

Yet, loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even now,
As at Bethlehem's tent or on Olivet's brow.

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

"**W**HERE hast thou been toiling all day, sweet-heart,

That thy brow is burdened and sad ?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

"Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frost,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare ?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care ?"

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine ! —
I have sat on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children around his feet."

"How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart ? who set thee there ?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care."

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day ;
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours ;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet, meek flowers."

"And what hast thou done on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart ? what didst thou there ?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice ?
Did the garden mend by thy care ?"

"Nay, that grieved me more ! I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn.
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

"Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine !
And the eyes which adjudge the praise and the blame
See further than thine or mine.

"The voice that shall sound at eve, sweetheart,
Will not raise its tones to be heard :
It will hush the earth and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word."

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The stores that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice, be it weak as it may,
And not be grievèd sore ?"

"Wait till the evening falls, sweetheart, —
Wait till the evening falls ;
The Master is near and knoweth all,
Wait till the Master calls.

"But how fared thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
While thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?"

"Nay, that is the saddest of all to me!
That is the saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall!"

"Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart!
Go back till the evening falls!
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

"Go make thy garden fair as thou can'st,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

"And the next may copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

"Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise for all,
In a look of his own for thee."

ASPIRATIONS.

HIGHER, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story :
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press,
Through the path of duty :
Virtue is true happiness ;
Excellence, true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth :
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
In the wildest weather.
Oh ! they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

TRUE WORSHIP.

FOR he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken :
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

O brother-man ! fold to thy heart thy brother.
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there :
To worship rightly is to love each other ;
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

J. G. WHITTIER.

GOD IN EVERY THING.

WE love the Father, he's so good ;
We see him in the flower ;
We hear him in the raindrop ;
He speaketh in the shower.

His smile is in the sunlight,
His beauty in the bow ;
We hear his whisper in the breeze,
And in the zephyr low.

His wisdom's in the dewdrop
That sparkles on the lea ;
His truth is in the violet's hue,
His love in all we see.

In every thing we look upon,
His image we can see ;
We love the Father, he's so good,
And teaches us to be.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF RELIGION.

ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

I HAVE taught your young lips the good words to
say over,
Which form the petition we call the Lord's Prayer,
And now let me help my dear child to discover
The meaning of all the good words that are there.

"Our Father," the same appellation is given
To a parent on earth and a Parent of all.
O gracious permission ! the God that's in heaven
Allows his poor creatures him Father to call.

To "hallow his name," is to think with devotion
Of it, and with reverence mention the same ;
Though you are so young, you should strive for some
notion
Of the awe we should feel at the Holy One's name.

His "will done on earth, as it is done in heaven,"
Is a wish and a hope we are suffer'd to breathe,
That such grace and favor to us may be given,
Like good angels on high we may live here beneath.

"Our daily bread give us," your young apprehension
May well understand, is to pray for our food ;
Although we ask bread, and no other thing mention,
God's bounty gives all things sufficient and good.

You pray that your "trespasses may be forgiven,
As you forgive those that are done unto you."
Before this you say to the God that's in heaven,
Consider the words which you speak, — are they
true ?

If any one has in the past time offended
Us angry creatures, who soon take offence,
These words in the prayer are surely intended
To soften our minds, and expel wrath from thence.

We pray that "temptations may never assail us,"
And "deliverance beg from all evil" we find ;
But we never can hope that our prayer will avail us,
If we strive not to banish ill thoughts from our
mind.

"For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever," these titles are meant
To express God's dominion and majesty o'er ye ;
And "Amen" to the sense of the whole gives as-
sent.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

EVENING HYMN.

THOU, from whom we never part ;
Thou, whose love is everywhere ;
Thou, who seest every heart, —
Listen to our evening prayer.

Father, fill our souls with love, —
Love unfailing, full, and free ;
Love no injury can move ;
Love that ever rests on thee.

Heavenly Father ! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill :
Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do thy will.

EVENING HYMN.

I HEAR no voice, I feel no touch,
I see no glory bright ;
But yet I know that God is near,
In darkness as in light.

He watches ever by my side,
And hears my whispered prayer :
The Father for his little child
Both night and day doth care.

CHEERFUL RELIGION.

APPROACH not the altar with gloom in thy soul,
Nor let thy feet falter from terror's control ;
God loves not the sadness of fear and mistrust ;
Oh ! serve him with gladness, — the loving and just !

His bounty is tender, his being is love ;
His smile fills with splendor the blue arch above ;
Confiding, believing, oh ! enter always
His courts with thanksgiving, his portals with praise !

Come not to his temple with pride in thy mien,
But lowly and simple, in courage serene ;
Bring meekly before him the faith of a child,
Bow down and adore him with heart undefiled !

THE PILGRIM AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

MY Robe of Life is travel-worn,
And dusty with the dusty way,
It beareth marks of many a storm,
It beareth marks of many a fray, —
The morning shower, the damp night-dews,
Have left their dark discoloring hues.

My Robe of Life is scorched and burnt
By madly rushing through the fires,
Where sternest teachings I have learnt
From passionate and fell desires ;
Yet not without the loss of chaste
White innocence, no more replaced.

My Robe of Life is blood-besprent, —
For, though I never raised the knife
To smite my brother's breast, I've sent
A sharper steel through his soul's life,
And made his heart to bleed by deep
And angry words that murdered sleep.

My Robe of Life is tear-bedewed, —
Tears wrung from mine and others' eyes,
That I so oft have shunned the good,
That ever round us, God-sent, lies,
And tears by deeper anguish forced
From consciousness of virtue lost.

My Robe of Life is sin-bespotted,
And much bewrayed by anxious care,
And here and there grown thin and rotted
Away by too much wear and tear, —
And torn by thorny thickets, when
Through them I sought the road again.

My Robe of Life at first was fair
And spotless as the driven snow,
'Twas flung around me gently there
Where spirits first from Heaven do go ;
And, white and clean, it seemed to be
A type of God's own purity.

O angel at the heavenly gate,
How can I hope to enter, when
At that high portal, lone and late,
At closing eve I come again,

After my life-day spent and past,
With this worn life-robe round me cast?

I hear a voice that soft and low
Bids me to him, my Saviour, fly,
And he will cleanse as white as snow
Or whitest wool this robe, and I
From him a wedding-robe shall have,
When this is mouldered in the grave.

A wedding garment brighter far
Than that I did at first receive,
Brighter than gleam of silvery star,
My Saviour, Christ, to me will give;
And, flinging off Life's Robe, will I
Put on my Immortality.

C. G. FENNER.

CONTENTMENT.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies;
Nor need we roam abroad:
The world has little to bestow;
From well-formed hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.

Then let us, with a grateful mind,
Take what our Father, ever kind,
Doth graciously bestow;

The blessings which he sends, enjoy,
And in his praise find sweet employ,
From which our comforts flow.

To be resigned, when ills betide,
Patient, when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given, —
This is the wise, the virtuous part ;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

COTTON.

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

God not in the whirlwind, nor in the thunder, nor in flame, but in
the still small voice.

ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood, —
The Lord before him passed ;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast :
The forest fell before its force ;
The rocks were shivered in its course ;
God was not in the blast ;
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute, — a cloud
Came muffling up the sun,
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on ;
The frightened eagle sprang in air, .

The wolf ran howling from his lair, —
God was not in the storm ;
'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.
'Twas still again, — and Nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame ;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came ;
Down to the depth the ocean fled, —
The sickening sun looked wan and dead ;
Yet God filled not the flame ;
'Twas but the terror of his eye
That lighted through the troubled sky.
At last a voice, all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear ;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above ; —
And God himself was there ;
For, oh, it was a *Father's* voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

T. CAMPBELL.

·FALSE FRIENDS-LIKE.

WHEN I was still a boy and mother's pride,
A bigger boy spoke up to me so kind-like,
"If you do like, I'll treat you with a ride
In this wheelbarrow." So then I was blind-like

To what he had a-working in his mind-like,
And mounted for a passenger inside ;
And coming to a puddle, pretty wide,
He tipp'd me in a-grinning back behind-like.

So when a man may come to me so thick-like,
And shake my hand where once he pass'd me by,
And tell me he would do me this or that,
I can't help thinking of the big boy's trick-like,
And then, for all I can but wag my hat,
And thank him, I do feel a little shy.

W. BARNES.

PUSS AND THE PARROT.

A PARROT that lived at a gentleman's house
Could chatter, and sometimes lie still as a
mouse ;

He was hung at the door in a cage that was gay,
And treated with plenty : one fine summer day,
When the cat, through mere envy, was thus heard to
say,

" Pray, sir, do you live on these excellent things
Because you're a bird, and have feathers and wings ?
If a cat is in want of a dinner that's nice,
She must hunt in the garret or cellar for mice."

The parrot, observing the cat in a rage,
Said : " Pray, Miss Puss, are you fond of a cage ?
Should you like to be kept in a prison like me,
And never permitted your neighbors to see ?

Deprived of all means of assisting yourself,
Though numberless dainties in sight on the shelf ?
Should you like to be fed at the will of a master,
And die of neglect or some cruel disaster ?
You cannot believe it more happy to be
A parrot encaged, than a cat and quite free."

The cat was convinced that this reasoning was true,
And, ashamed at her envy, in silence withdrew.

•

THE SEA.

THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !
The blue, the fresh, the ever free !
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round ;
It plays with the clouds ; it mocks the skies ;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea ! I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be ;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go ;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter ? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more ;
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;
And a mother she was, and is, to me ;
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE NORTH WIND.

HARK ! hark ! Tell me who is there,
Growling like a grizzly bear !
'Tis the North Wind out once more :
Hurry in, and shut the door !
Build a fire, and hear him roar !

Should you dare to venture out,
He would pinch your cheeks, no doubt ;
He would give your ears a cuff :
He is loud and bold and rough ;
He is mischievous enough.

All the ground is frozen hard :
See the great elm in the yard,
How its boughs he bends and breaks !
What a dreadful sound he makes !
Why, the very house he shakes !

" North Wind, North Wind, stop this din !
We 've no wish to let you in."
Nobody, indeed, enjoys
Winter wind or little boys,
When they make too loud a noise.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

UNDER THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BENEATH the tall, white lighthouse strayed the
children,
In the May morning sweet ;
About the steep and rough gray rocks they wandered
With hesitating feet ;
For scattered far and wide the birds were lying,
Quiet, and cold, and dead,
That met, while they were swiftly winging northward,
The fierce light overhead,

And as the frail moths in the summer evenings
Fly to the candle's blaze,
Rushed wildly at the splendor, finding only
Death in those blinding rays.
And here were bobolink, and wren, and sparrow,
Veery, and oriole,
And purple finch, and rosy grosbeak, swallows,
And king birds quaint and droll ;
Gay soldier blackbirds, wearing on their shoulders
Red, gold-edged epaulets,
And many a homely, brown, red-breasted robin,
Whose voice no child forgets.
And yellow birds, — what shapes of perfect beauty !
What silence after song !
And, mingled with them, unfamiliar warblers
That to far woods belong.
Clothing the gray rocks with a mournful beauty,
By scores the dead forms lay,
That, dashed against the tall tower's cruel windows,
Dropped like the spent sea-spray.
How many an old and sun-steeped barn, far inland,
Should miss about its eaves
The twitter and the gleam of these swift swallows !
And, swinging 'mid the leaves,
The oriole's nest, all empty in the elm-tree,
Would cold and silent be,
And never more these robins make the meadows
Ring with their ecstasy.
Would not the gay swamp-border miss the blackbirds,
Whistling so loud and clear ?

Would not the bobolinks' delicious music
Lose something of its cheer ?
" Yet," thought the wistful children, gazing landward,
" The birds will not be missed ;
Others will take their place in field and forest,
Others will keep their tryst ;
And we, we only, know how death has met them,
We wonder and we mourn
That from their innocent and bright existence
Thus roughly they are torn."
And so they laid the sweet, dead shapes together,
Smoothing each ruffled wing,
Perplexed and sorrowful, and pondering deeply
The meaning of this thing.
(Too hard to fathom for the wisest nature
Crowned with the snows of age !)
And all the beauty of the fair May morning
Seemed like a blotted page.
They bore them down from the rough cliffs of granite
To where the grass grew green,
And laid them 'neath the soft turf, all together,
With many a flower between ;
And, looking up with wet eyes, saw how brightly
Upon the summer sea
Lay the clear sunlight, how white sails were shining,
And small waves laughed in glee :
And, somehow, comfort grew to check their grieving,
A sense of brooding care,
As if, in spite of death, a loving presence
Filled all the viewless air.

“What should we fear?” whispered the little children,
“There is no thing so small
But God will care for it in earth or heaven;
He sees the sparrows fall!”

CELIA THAXTER.

HUNTING THE WIND.

WHEN the fire is burning bright,
And the kettle hums and sings,
In the happy winter's night,
Children talk of many things, —
Talk of mermaids in the sea,
And of fairies in the wood;
Pretty things that ought to be,
And surely would be if they could.

Then the wind comes creeping near,
Tired of fighting with the trees,
List'ning with a sort of fear
To such merry sounds as these;
Crying like a child in pain,
With a foolish, ceaseless din,
Knocking on the glass again,
Begging them to let it in!

Out speaks little Curly-head:
“This poor wind is taken ill;
Soon it will be lying dead,
On the frozen window-sill.

Very cruel children we,
If we let it die alone, —
If we do not run and see
Why it makes that dreary moan.”

And he flung the window wide,
And the wind came tearing through,
Dashing every thing aside
With its hulla-hulla-loo !
Blowing both the candles out,
Roaring, rushing, raving by,
Scattering the smoke about,
While the children scream and fly.

Out speaks little Curly-head,
Though his breath he scarce can draw :
“Nurse would snatch us off to bed,
If this horrid mess she saw !
Hunt the thankless creature low !
Seize it, catch it, if you can.
I will teach it manners though,
If I live to be a man !”

Chubby arms are flung about,
Toddling feet run here and there,
Some would chase the creature out,
Some would tie it to a chair ;
While the eldest of the crowd
Shuts the window where she stands,
Little Blue-eyes shouts aloud,
She has caught it in her hands !

Curly-head, with manly rage,
Stamps his foot and cries, "Hurrah!"
Red-cheeks brings an empty cage,
Where no pretty birdies are;
Little Blue-eyes, fat and fair,
Hollowed hands above her head,
Moves with cautious footsteps where
Red-cheeks stands with Curly-head.

Curly-head the cage doth hold;
Red-cheeks keeps it open wide;
Little Blue-eyes, when she's told,
Thrusts her two fat hands inside.
Ah! they have the fellow now!
Little Blue-eyes shouts anew;
Curly-head performs a bow;
Red-cheeks makes a courtesy too!

Hang the cage up, if you will,
Clap your hands, ye hunters rare!
But he is so sad and still,
Are you *sure* that he is there?
Ah! the days are coming when
You'll have many a chase as blind;
Capture, triumph, laugh, and then
But an empty casket find!

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

EARLY RISING.

INSIDIOUS Sloth her object gains,
If but a hearing she obtains.

A youth, accustomed to sleep late,
And make the breakfast-table wait,
Was asked, "Why lie so long in bed?"
"I listen to a cause," he said.
"As soon as I uncloset my eyes,
My better angel bids me rise :
'Up! up!' she says, 'to meet the sun ;
Your task of yesterday's undone ;
A thousand fresh delights you miss
In dozing at an hour like this ;
You lengthen out the hours of slumber
Beyond what health and nature number.
Arise ! if you a man would be !
From these enfeebling toils be free !'
'Lie still,' cries Sloth, 'it is not warm ;
An hour's more sleep can do no harm ;
You will have time your work to do,
And leisure for amusement too.'"
Much must be heard on either side,
The question fairly to decide ;
And, ere the long debate is o'er,
Time and occasion are no more !
Would you the joy of victory know,
Pause not to parley with the foe :
Play not the sluggard and the dunce, —
Awake ! arise ! start up at once !

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

OF all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rhyme, —
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride on a human hack,
Islam's prophet on Al Borák, —
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Skipper Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :
“ Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,

Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang :

“ Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead ! ”

Small pity for him ! — He had sailed away
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur bay, —
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's people on her deck !
“ Lay by ! lay by ! ” they called to him.
Back he answered, “ Sink or swim !
Brag of your catch of fish again ! ”
And off he sailed through the fog and rain !
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie for evermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea, —
Looked for the coming that might not be !
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away ? —
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead !

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide ;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain :
 " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
 By the women o' Morble'ead "

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and grim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of the voices shouting, far and near :
 " Here 's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
 Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt,
 By the women o' Morble'ead ! "

" Hear me, neighbors ! " at last he cried, —
" What to me is this noisy ride ?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within ?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from the reeling deck !
Hate me and curse me, — I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead ! "

Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, "God has touched him! — why should we?"
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HABICH AND HATTICH;

OR, A BIRD IN THE HAND 'S WORTH TWO IN THE
BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters well known in the
land;

Their names are *I-have* and *O-had-I*;
I-have will come tamely and perch on your hand,
But *O-had-I* will mock you most sadly.

I-have, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,
But his worth is by far more enduring
Than a thousand *O-had-I's* that sit far and high
On roofs and on trees, so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"
Oh, merrily, then, will the day glide away,
And sweet shall your sleep be, when weary.

But let an *O-had-I* once take your eye,
And a longing to catch him once seize you,
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,
Now racing, now panting and creeping;
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man, who attends to my song,
Will count his *I-have* a choice treasure,
And whene'er an *O-had-I* comes flying along,
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

C. T. BROOKS, *from the German of Langbein.*

THE GLOVE.

KING FRANCIS was a hearty king, and loved a
royal sport;
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the
court;
The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies, in their
pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one
for whom he sighed:

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning
show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts
below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing
jaws ;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind
went with their paws ;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on
one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunder-
ous smother ;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through
the air,
Said Francis then, "'Faith, gentlemen, we're better
here than there."

De Lorge's dame o'erheard the king, a beauteous,
lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which always
seemed the same ;
She thought : "The Count, my lover, is as brave as
brave can be ;
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love
of me ;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine !
I'll drop my glove to prove his love ; great glory will
be mine."

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked
at him and smiled ;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions
wild :

The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained
his place ;

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the
lady's face.

"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he
rose from where he sat ;

"Not love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task
like that!"

LEIGH HUNT.

THE DISCONTENTED TREE.

ONCE on a time, in the midst of a wood,
In all sorts of weather, a little tree stood,
But instead of the soft leaves, growing so thick
All over the other trees standing about,
This had only needles, that almost would prick.
It troubled the tree, and at last it spoke out :

"All my comrades round me
Have such pretty leaves,
I have only needles,
And my heart it grieves ;
If my wishes could be told,
I'd have leaves of purest gold."

The night came on, and the tree went to sleep,
But it waked in the morning early,
And lo! it was covered with golden leaves, —
Oh! but they glittered rarely!

And the little tree said, "I am proud to see
Not a tree in the wood has gold leaves but me."

But as it grew evening
An old Jew appeared,
With a very long sack
And a very long beard ;
He saw the gold foliage,
Picked all he could find,
Left the place in a hurry,
And a bare tree behind !

"I hate golden leaves," said the poor little tree ;
"The other trees' leaves are as thick as can be ;
Such a sight as I am it's a shame to see.
Oh ! if what I should wish would once more come
to pass,
I would wish myself leaves of the clearest glass."

Then again went the little tree fast asleep,
And it waked in the morning early,
And behold ! it had leaves of the clearest glass,
That shone and glittered rarely.
And the little tree said, "'Tis a real delight
To see that no other tree glitters so bright."

Then through all the forest
Swept a mighty wind,
Came unto the glass-leaved tree,
Swept it far behind,
And there lay the leaves of glass
All in pieces on the grass.

Then said the little tree with grief,
" My lovely shining leaves lie low !
The green leaves of the other trees
Fall not in any winds that blow ;
Oh ! if I might but wish once more,
I 'd wish myself green leaves, I 'm sure."

So it fell asleep,
And waked at early light,
With green leaves all over ;
And at such a sight,
Laughing out for pleasure,
Said, " In all the wood
Not a tree need mock at me,
I have leaves so good."

A noise in the bushes ! an old goat sprang out,
For food for her kids she was looking about ;
She saw the fresh leaves, and no farther she went,
But browsed all the branches with perfect content.

Now again was the little tree stripped of its dress,
And softly and humbly it said,
" I don't envy any tree now its own leaves,
Be they green leaves, or yellow, or red ;
Had I only my own little needles again,
I 'd promise that no one should hear me complain."

Sadly then it fell asleep,
Sadly it awoke,
But directly it laughed out, —
What could be the joke ?
All the trees were laughing there,
But one little tree did not care.

But why were the trees all laughing so?
And what was the comical sight?
Why, the little tree's needles had all come back
In the course of a single night!
You can go, if you please, and see for yourself,
But don't touch the needles, you meddling elf!

Do not try
The leaves to pick!
"Why shouldn't I?"
Because they prick.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO A THIMBLE.

"COME about the meadow,
Hunt here and there,
Where's mother's thimble?
Can you tell where?
Jane saw her wearing it,
Fan saw it fall,
Ned isn't sure
That she dropped it at all.

"Has a mouse carried it
Down to her hole, —
Home full of twilight,
Shady, small soul?
Can she be darning there,
Ere the light fails,
Small ragged stockings,
Tiny torn tails?

“ Did a finch fly with it
Into the hedge ?
Or a reed-warbler
Down in the sedge ?
Are they carousing there
All the night through ?
Such a great goblet
Brimful of dew !

“ Have beetles crept with it
Where oak-roots hide ;
There have they settled it
Down on its side ?
Neat little kennel,
So cosy and dark,
Has one crept into it,
Trying to bark ?

“ Have the ants cover'd it
With straw and sand ?
Roomy bell-tent for them,
So tall and grand ;
Where the red soldier-ants
Lie, loll, and lean, —
While the blacks steadily
Build for their queen.

“ Has a huge dragon-fly
Borne it (how cool !)
To his snug dressing-room,
By the clear pool ?

There will he try it on
For a new hat, —
Nobody watching
But one water-rat?

“ Did the flowers fight for it,
While, undescried,
One selfish daisy
Slipp’d it aside ;
Now has she plunged it in
Close to her feet, —
Nice private water-tank
For summer heat?

“ Did spiders snatch at it,
Wanting to look
At the bright pebbles
Which lie in the brook ?
Now are they using it,
(Nobody knows !)
Safe little diving-bell
Shutting *so* close ?

“ Did a rash squirrel there,
Wanting to dine,
Think it some foreign nut,
Dainty and fine ?
Can he have swallowed it,
Up in that oak ?
We, if we listen,
Shall soon hear him choke.

“ Has it been buried by
Cross imps and hags,
Wanting to see us
Like beggars in rags?
Or have fays hidden it,
Lest we should be
Tortured with needlework
After our tea?

“ Hunt for it, hope for it,
All through the moss;
Dip for it, grope for it, —
'Tis such a loss!
Jane finds a drop of dew,
Fan finds a stone;
I find the thimble,
Which is mother's own!

“ Run with it, fly with it, —
Don't let it fall;
All did their best for it, —
Mother thanks all.
Just as we give it her, —
Think what a shame! —
Ned says he's sure
That it isn't the same!”

A NORTH POLE STORY.

UP where the world grows cold,
Under the sharp North Star,
The wrinkled ice is very old,
And the life of man is far ;
None to see when the fog falls white,
And none to shiver and hear
How wild the bears are in the night,
Which lasts for half a year !

The wind may blow as it will,
But it cannot shake a tree,
Nor stir the waves which lie so still
On the corpse of that dead sea.
The sun comes out over flowerless strands
Where only ice-tears flow,
When the North weeps for the sweet woodlands
Which she must never know.

Earth speaks with awful lips :
" No place for man is here ! .
Between my bergs I 'll crush your ships,
If you will come too near.
You shall be slain by bitter wind,
Or starved on barren shore ;
My cruel snow shall strike you blind, —
Go ! trouble me no more ! "

But British men are fain
To venture on and through,
And when you tell them to refrain,
They set themselves to do ;
Into the secrets of the snow
They hurry and they press,
And answer Nature's coldest " No ! "
With a great shout of " Yes ! "

It was a little band
Went on that dangerous track,
To do a message from our land,
And to bring an answer back :
The frost had bound their good ships tight,
And years were come and gone,
When a few brave hearts, as best they might,
Went over the shores alone.

And as one strode so bold
He saw a sight of fear, —
Nine white wolves came over the wold,
And they were watching a deer.
By three and by two and by one,
A cunning half-moon they made ;
They glanced at each other and did not run,
But crept like creatures afraid.

They knew what they were about,
And the poor thing knew it too ;
It turned its head like a child in doubt,
And shrank and backward drew.

But whether it looked to left or right,
It met a savage eye ;
And the men stood still and saw the sight,
And felt that it must die.

Backward trembling and fast,
And onward crafty and slow,
And over the cliff's sheer edge at last,
And crash on the ice below.
But then, with a whirl and a plunge and a whoop,
The wolves are down the hill ;
They break their ranks, that wild, white troop,
When it is time to kill.

And days and nights went past,
And the men grew weary and pale,
Scanty food and freezing blast,
And hearts beginning to fail ;
The wanderer knew his steps were slow,
And his eyes were languid and dim,
When nine white wolves came over the snow,
And they were watching — him !

He saw them gather and glance,
And he remembered the deer !
He saw them frame their cunning advance,
And he felt a little fear !
But never a hair's-breadth did he swerve,
Nor lower his looks a whit, —
He faced the cruel scimeter-curve,
And then walked up to it !

There is never a beast so strong
As to bear a brave man's eye !
They crouched ; they looked as if nothing was
wrong,
And then they turned to fly.
The man stood still and drew his breath,
When he saw the scattering ranks :
He had been face to face with death, —
I hope he uttered thanks.

There 's a fireside far away
A little anxious now,
Where a man shall sit one joyful day,
And tell of the world of snow ;
And tell of the wolves who sup so grim,
And leave no bone behind,
And how they meant to sup on him,
But looked, and changed their mind!

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE Mothers of our Forest-Land !
Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border-fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife, —
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !
On old Kan-tuc-kee's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and Life's toil !
They shrank not from the foeman,
They quailed not in the fight,
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !
Their bosoms pillowed *men* !
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen ;
To load the sure old rifle,
To run the leaden ball,
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall.

The Mothers of our Forest-Land !
Such were their daily deeds.
Their monument ! — where does it stand ?
Their epitaph ! — who reads ?
No braver dames had Sparta,
No nobler matrons Rome, —
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
Even in their own green home !

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

THE WIVES OF BRIXHAM.

A TRUE STORY.

YOU see the gentle water,
How silently it floats ;
How cautiously, how steadily,
It moves the sleepy boats ;
And all the little loops of pearl
It strews along the sand
Steal out as leisurely as leaves,
When summer is at hand.

But you know it can be angry,
And thunder from its rest,
When the stormy taunts of winter
Are flying at its breast ;
And if you like to listen,
And draw your chairs around,
I'll tell you what it did one night
When you were sleeping sound.

The merry boats of Brixham
Go out to search the seas ;
A stanch and sturdy fleet are they,
Who love a swinging breeze ;
And before the woods of Devon
And the silver cliffs of Wales,
You may see, when summer evenings fall,
The light upon their sails.

But when the year grows darker,
And gray winds hunt the foam,
They go back to Little Brixham,
And ply their toil at home ;
And thus it chanced one winter night,
When a storm began to roar,
That all the men were out at sea,
And all the wives on shore.

Then, as the wind grew fiercer,
The women's cheeks grew white, —
It was fiercer in the twilight,
And fiercest in the night ;
The strong clouds set themselves like ice,
Without a star to melt ;
The blackness of the darkness
Was darkness to be felt.

The storm like an assassin
Went on its wicked way,
And struck a hundred boats adrift
To reel about the bay.
They meet, they crash, — God keep the men !
God give a moment's light !
There is nothing but the tumult
And the tempest and the night.

The men on shore were anxious, —
They dreaded what they knew ;
What do you think the women did ?
Love taught them what to do !

Out spake a wife, "We've beds at home,
We'll burn them for a light!
Give us the men and the bare ground, —
We want no more to-night."

They took the grandame's blanket,
Who shivered and bade them go;
They took the baby's pillow,
Who could not say them no;
And they heaped a great fire on the pier,
And knew not all the while
If they were heaping a bonfire
Or only a funeral pile.

And, fed with precious food, the flame
Shone bravely on the black,
Till a cry rang through the people,
"A boat is coming back!"
Staggering dimly through the fog
Come shapes of fear and doubt;
But when the first prow strikes the pier,
Cannot you hear them shout?

Then all along the breadth of flame
Dark figures shrieked and ran,
With, "Child, here comes your father!"
Or, "Wife, is this your man?"
And faint feet touch the welcome stone
And wait a little while,
And kisses drop from frozen lips
Too tired to speak or smile.

So one by one they struggled in,
All that the sea would spare :
We will not reckon through our tears
The names that were not there ;
But some went home without a bed,
When all the tale was told,
Who were too cold with sorrow
To know the night was cold.

And this is what the men must do
Who work in wind and foam,
And this is what the women bear
Who watch for them at home ;
So when you see a Brixham boat
Go out to face the gales,
Think of the love that travels
Like light upon her sails !

POEMS WRITTEN FOR A CHILD.

MABEL ON MIDSUMMER-DAY.

“ **A**RISE, my maiden Mabel,”
The mother said, — “ arise,
For the golden sun of midsummer
Is shining in the skies.

“ Arise, my little maiden,
For thou must speed away,
To wait upon thy grandmother
This livelong summer day.

“And thou must carry with thee
This wheaten cake so fine,
This new-made pat of butter,
This little flask of wine.

“And tell the dear old body
This day I cannot come,
For the goodman went out yestermorn,
And is not yet come home.

“And more than this, poor Amy
Upon my knee doth lie ;
I fear me, with this fever-pain,
The little child will die.

“And thou canst help thy grandmother ;
The table thou canst spread ;
Canst feed the little dog and bird ;
And thou canst make her bed ;

“And thou canst fetch the water
From the Lady-well hard by ;
And thou canst gather from the wood
The fagots brown and dry ;

“Canst go down to the lonesome glen,
To milk the mother-ewe :
This is the work, my Mabel,
That thou wilt have to do.

“But listen now, my Mabel,
This is Midsummer-day,
When all the fairy people
From elf-land come away.

“And when thou’rt in the lonesome glen,
Keep by the running burn,
And do not pluck the strawberry-flower,
Nor break the lady-fern. /

“But think not of the fairy-folk,
Lest mischief should befall;
Think only of the Saviour,
And how he loves us all.

“Yet keep good heart, my Mabel,
If thou the fairies see,
And give them kindly answer,
If they should speak to thee.

“And when into the fir-wood
Thou goest for fagots brown,
Do not, like idle children,
Run wandering up and down. /

“But fill thy little apron,
My child, with earnest speed;
And that thou break no living bough
Within the wood, take heed.

“For they are spiteful brownies
Who in the wood abide;
So be thou careful of this thing,
Lest evil should betide. /

“But think not, little Mabel,
Whilst thou art in the wood,
Of dwarfish, wilful brownies,
But of the Father good.

“ And when thou goest to the spring,
To fetch the water thence,
Do not disturb the little stream,
Lest this should give offence.

“ For the queen of all the fairies,
She loves that water bright :
I’ve seen her drinking there myself,
On many a summer night.

“ But she’s a gracious lady,
And her thou need’st not fear ;
Only disturb thou not the stream,
Nor spill the water clear.”

“ Now all this will I do, mother,
Will no word disobey,
But wait upon the grandmother
This livelong summer day.”

PART II.

Away tripp’d little Mabel,
With the wheaten cake so fine,
With the new-made pat of butter,
And the little flask of wine.

And long before the sun was hot,
And the summer mist had cleared
Beside the good old grandmother
The willing child appeared.

And all her mother's message
She told with right good will, —
How that her father went away,
And the little child was ill.

And first she swept the hearth up clean,
And then the table spread ;
And next she fed the dog and bird,
And then she made the bed.

" And go now," said the grandmother,
" Ten paces down the dell,
And bring in water for the day ;
Thou know'st the Lady-well."

The first time that good Mabel went,
Nothing at all saw she,
Except a bird — a sky-blue bird —
That sat upon a tree.

The next time that good Mabel went,
There sat a lady bright
Beside the well, — a lady small,
All clothed in green and white.

A curtsy low made Mabel,
And then she stooped to fill
Her pitcher at the sparkling spring,
But no drop did she spill.

" Thou art a handy maiden,"
The fairy lady said ;
" Thou hast not spilled a drop, nor yet
The clear spring troubled.

"And for this thing which thou hast done,
Yet mayest not understand,
I give to thee a better gift
Than houses or than land.

"Thou shalt do well whate'er thou dost,
As thou hast done this day;
Shalt have the will and power to please,
And shalt be loved alway."

Thus having said, she passed from sight,
And nought could Mabel see
But the little bird — the sky-blue bird —
Upon the leafy tree.

"And now go," said the grandmother,
"And fetch in fagots dry,
All in the neighboring fir-wood
Beneath the trees they lie."

Away went kind, good Mabel
Into the fir-wood near,
Where all the ground was dry and brown,
And the grass grew thin and sere,

She did not wander up and down,
Nor yet a live branch pull,
But steadily of the fallen boughs
She picked her apron full.

And when the wild-wood brownies
Came sliding to her mind,
She drove them thence, as she was told,
With holy thoughts and kind.

But all that while the brownies,
Within the fir-wood still,
They watched her how she picked the wood,
And strove to do no ill.

“And, oh, but she is small and neat,”
Said one, “’twere shame to spite
A creature so demure and weak,
A creature harmless quite.” /

“Look only,” said another,
“At her little gown of blue ;
At her kerchief pinned about her head,
And at her little shoe ! ”

“Oh, but she is a comely child,”
Said a third, “and we will lay
A good-luck penny in her path,
A boon for her this day, —
Seeing she broke no living wood,
No live thing did affray.” /

// With that the smallest penny,
Of the finest silver ore,
Upon the dry and slippery path,
Lay Mabel’s feet before.

With joy she picked the penny up,
The fairy-penny good ;
And with the fagots dry and brown
Went wandering from the wood.

"Now she has that," said the brownies,
"Let flax be ever so dear,
Will buy her clothes of the very best,
For many and many a year!"

"And go now," said the grandmother,
"Since falling is the dew,
Go down unto the lonesome glen,
And milk the mother-ewe."

All down into the lonesome glen,
Through copses thick and wild,
Through moist, rank grass, by twinkling streams,
Went on the willing child. /

And when she came to the lonesome glen,
She kept beside the burn,
And neither plucked the strawberry-flower
Nor broke the lady-fern.

And whilst she milked the mother-ewe
Within this lonesome glen,
She wished that little Amy
Were strong and well again.

And soon as she had thought this thought,
She heard a coming sound,
As if a thousand fairy-folk
Were gathering all around.

And then she heard a little voice,
Shrill as a midge's wing,
That spake aloud, "A human child
Is here; yet mark this thing, —

"The lady-fern is all unbroke,
The strawberry-flower unta'en!
What shall be done for her who still
From mischief can refrain?"

"Give her a fairy cake!" said one;
"Grant her a wish!" said three;
"The latest wish that she has wished,"
Said all, "whate'er it be!"

Kind Mabel heard the words they spoke,
And from the lonesome glen
Unto the good old grandmother
Went gladly back again.

Thus happened it to Mabel
On that Midsummer-day,
And these three fairy blessings
She took with her away.

'Tis good to make all duty sweet,
To be alert and kind;
'Tis good, like little Mabel,
To have a willing mind.

MARY HOWITT.

THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

HEARKEN, child, unto a story!
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver
See two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass :
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass ?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole ! and lo !
Yonder speck is just the bucket
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said these little children,
Many and many a summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there ;
And the moon-man, looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, " How vexed and sulky
Looks the little rosy boy !
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

" To the well behind the hedgerow
Trot the little lad and maiden ;
From the well behind the hedgerow
Now the little pail is laden.

" How they please me ! how they tempt me !
Shall I snatch them up to-night ? —
Snatch them, set them here for ever
In the middle of my light ?

"Children, ay, and children's children,
Should behold my babes on high ;
And my babes should smile for ever,
Calling others to the sky !"

Thus the philosophic moon-man
Muttered many years ago ;
Set the babes, with pole and bucket,
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,
Never are the children old ;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair !
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there.

Ever young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old ;
When thy locks are thin and silver,
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt thee from their heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom ;
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb !

TRANS. BY ROBERT BUCHANAN, *from the Scandinavian.*

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

'T WAS whispered one morning in heaven,
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great, white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden, —
He of the key and bar, —
“O angel, sweet angel! I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar, —
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar!

“I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness,
Where the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far!”
But the warden answered: “I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar,”
Spoke low, and answered, “I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar!”

Then rose up Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, mother of Christ:
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed;
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;

And lo! in the little child's fingers
 Stood the beautiful gates ajar!
In the little child-angel's fingers
 Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

“And this key, for further using,
 To my blessed Son shall be given,”
Said Mary, mother of Jesus, —
 Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
 But may catch the glory afar;
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom,
 Are the keys of the gates ajar!
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
 And the gates for ever ajar!

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

OVER the river, on the hill,
 Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest-trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,

Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river-shore ;
And in the roads no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill ;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers ;
Never a clock to toll the hours ;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in hall or hut ;
All the villagers lie asleep ;
Never a grain to sow or reap ;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh ;
Silent and idle and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below ;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall :
" Patience ! that village shall hold ye all ! "

LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

LITTLE plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side ?
Any short ringlets half out of curl ?
Any round forehead pure as a pearl ?

Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over ?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover ?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown ?

Oh ! earth is bright by the glad Summer kissed ;
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed ;
Acres of buttercups growing so gay
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charms were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void,
Earth, should you lose, from your beauty and pride,
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide !

BABY-JOY.

AS I sat by my study table,
With my sermon strewing the floor,
My little sixteen-month darling
Came full-sail through the study door.
He first bore away to the window,
Then veered to the bright hearth-stone ;
But soon in the furthest corner
Cast anchor, all alone.

First he rattled the quills in my pen-box,
And then with the carpet he played ;
Then he washed his hands in the sunshine,
And caught at the shadows they made.

One thing was as good as another,
For each gave a new surprise ;
And the light of his childish gladness
Kept shining on out of his eyes.

As I wondered where all the joy came from,
This thought fell from heaven on me :
That when God and a babe are together,
A little fountain of glee
Must needs bubble up in the child's heart,
Because those waters are given,
And ever renewed, by the joy-tides
Of the great cheerful Heart in heaven.

I had quite forgotten my sermon,
And my baby upon the floor
Was tearing the papers to pieces,
That were strewed from window to door ;
But I knew that the thought he gave me
Was more than his hands could destroy, —
For the love of the Father in heaven
Had come to me through my boy.

S. R. CALTHROP.

AT EVENING.

WE sit at the window, my baby and I,
In the fading sunset light,
Watching the darkness creep over the sky
Out of the eastern night.

We see the stars come trembling out
In the track of the fallen sun,
And we feel the quiet, within and without,
Which comes when the day is done.

What have we been doing all day, all day,
Since the rosy morning smiled ?
Playing at work, and working at play ;
God help us, mother and child !
But much I fear that those little hands
Have put me to shame to-day,
For God, who is earnest, understands
Truly our work and play.

I think of kindnesses left undone,
Which might have brightened the day ;
Of duties dreamed of, but never begun,
Scattered along my way.
You lie with peace in your violet eyes ;
You have not learned regret ;
For the sorrowful years that make us wise
Have not come to my baby yet.

And still, as I sit at this twilight hour,
After a weary day,
Even sorrow and sin do not quite have power
To keep a blessing away, —
A blessing that falls like the dew from heaven
On the parched and thirsty ground ;
And in loving much, because much forgiven,
My deeper peace is found.

Your life, my baby, is just begun,
And mine is growing old ;
But we're children both in the eyes of One
Whose years are all untold ;
He holds us both in his loving hand,
He pardons us all our sin,
And by and by to the same sweet land
He will gently let us in.

ELIZABETH D. RICE.

THE UNFINISHED PRAYER.

“**N**OW I lay,’—repeat it, darling!”—
“Lay me,” lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O’er her folded finger-tips.

“Down to sleep.”—“To sleep,” she murmured,
And the curly head bent low ;
“I pray the Lord,”—I gently added,
“You can say it all, I know.”

“Pray the Lord,”—the sound came faintly,—
Fainter still, “My soul to keep ;”
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
“Mamma, God knows all the rest.”

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

MY old Welsh neighbor over the way
Crept slowly out in the sun of Spring,
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles stopped,
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
From bough to bough in the apple-tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother: "have you not heard,
My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
And lets it fall on the souls of sin.
You can see the mark on his red breast still
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor *Bron-Rhuddyn*! My breast-burned bird!
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb;
Very dear to the heart of our Lord
Is he who pities the lost like him."

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth.
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well."
Each good thought is a drop wherewith
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like him in the good they do.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I AND MY SWEETHEART.

I AND my sweetheart spelt together ;
Our ages were together ten :
How sad to waste the sweet spring weather
In the old Dame's fusty den !
White lilac, fragrant, graceful, cool,
Tapped at the window of the school :
Alas ! too well our doom we knew, —
There was a tremulous birch-tree too.

I and my sweetheart dwell together ;
Many tens are our ages now :
Vanished is youth's gay violet weather,
Stays the old Dame's frowning brow.
Dame Nature keeps the eternal school,
And grows keen twigs to flog the fool ;
But looks away, with pardoning eye,
When we play truant, my love and I.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

QUEER.

A PIN has a head, but has no hair ;
A clock has a face, but no mouth there :

Needles have eyes, but they cannot see ;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key ;

A time-piece may lose, but cannot win ;
A corn-field dimples without a chin ;

A hill has no leg, but has a foot ;
A wine-glass a stem, but not a root ;

A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger ;
A boot has a tongue, but is no singer ;

Rivers run, though they have no feet ;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat ;

Ash-trees have keys, yet never a lock ;
And baby crows, without being a cock.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

KOOKOOROOKOO !

“KOOKOOROOKOO ! kookoorookoo !”
Crows the cock before the morn ;

“Kikirikee ! kikirikee !”

Roses in the East are born.

"Kookoorookoo ! kookoorookoo !"
Early birds begin their singing ;
"Kikirikee ! kikirikee !"
The day, the day, the day is springing.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

MATTIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I WANTS a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dess ;
I doesn't want a big piece ;
A yard 'll do, I guess.
I wish you 'd fred my needle,
And find my fible, too, —
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy tored her apron
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pant'noons,
And needs annozer pair ;
I wants my Maud a bonnet, —
She hasn't none at all ;
And Fred must have a jacket, —
His ozzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's, —
You promised me I might ;
I know she 'd like to see me, —
I wants to go to-night.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch ;
I wish I 'd free, four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens, —
I wish you 'd knit me some,
'Cause most my finger freezes,
They *leaks* so in the fum.
I wored 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled.
I wish you wouldn't laugh so, —
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie, —
I 'm hungry 's I can be ;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano, —
Won't you buy me one to keep ?
O dear ! I feels so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

GRACE GORDON.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A TOADSTOOL comes up in a night, —
Learn the lesson, little folk : —
An oak grows on a hundred years,
But then it is an oak !

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

LITTLE DANDELION.

LITTLE Dandelion spent
All her days in sweet content :
If she dressed in yellow,
So too did the sun on high,
And the roving butterfly,
That most jolly fellow.

With her gown thrown o'er her head,
Dandelion went to bed,
While the sun was shining.
Then her petticoat of green
With fringed edges could be seen,
And her gown's green lining.

When the sun had hid away,
Dandelion grew more gay ;
Shook her skirts around her,
Danced a little with the breeze,
Courtesied to the honey-bees,
Glad that they had found her.

Dandelion, one fine day,
Threw her yellow gown away, —
Dressed herself in laces ;
But she found herself alone ;
Bees and hum-birds would have none
Of her airs and graces.

Finding she was like to die,
Wings she made with which to fly

Through the drowsy meadow ;
Then the tiny ghost-moth cried,
" Here comes one to be my bride,
Dandelion's shadow."

MRS. MARY E. ANDERSON.

FLOWERS.

HOPE is like a harebell, trembling from its birth ;
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth ;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white ;
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight ;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

HOW MANY?

HOW many seconds in a minute ?
Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour ?
Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day ?
Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week ?
Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month ?
Four, as the swift moon runn'th.

How many months in a year ?
Twelve the almanac makes clear.

How many years in an age ?
One hundred says the sage.

How many ages in time ?
No one knows the rhyme.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

O WISE little birds, how do ye know
The way to go,
Southward and northward, to and fro ?

Far up in ether pipèd they :
" We but obey
One who calleth us far away.

He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here ;
Ever He maketh the way appear."

Dear little birds ! He calleth me
Who calleth ye ;
Would that I might as trusting be !

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

VESTA.

O CHRIST of God ! whose life and death
Our own have reconciled,
Most quietly, most tenderly
Take home thy star-named child !

Thy grace is in her patient eyes,
Thy words are on her tongue ;
The very silence round her seems
As if the angels sung.

Her smile is as a listening child's
That hears its mother's call ;
The lilies of thy perfect peace
Above her pillow fall.

She leans from out our clinging arms
To rest herself in thine ;
Alone to thee, dear Lord, can we
Our well-beloved resign.

Oh, less for her than for ourselves
We bow our heads and pray ;
Her setting star, like Bethlehem's,
To thee shall lead the way.

J. G. WHITTIER.

MERRY MARGARET.

SO joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning.

As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiptril.

Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought;
Far may be sought

Ere you can find
So courteous and kind
As merry Margaret.

JOHN SKELTON.

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I 'SE a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is way down stairs;
My titten has statched my finder,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so lon' ado;
An' I ain't her tunnin'st baby
No londer, for B'idget said so.

My ma's dot anoder *new* baby,
Dod dived it — he did — yes'erday,
An' it kies, it kies, oh, so defful!
I wis' he would tate it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister!"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me, an' tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu!

I dess my bid papa will b'in' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day, —
Here 's nurse wid my mamma's new baby:
I wis' s'e would tate it away.

Oh, oh, what tunnin' yed finders!
It sees me yite out o' its eyes!
I dess we will teep it, and dive it
Some tanny whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my Dolly
To play wid mos' every day;
And I dess, I dess — say, B'idget,
As' Dod not to tate it away.

HESTER A. BENEDICT.

THREE OLD SAWS.

IF the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.

Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather.
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah ! the cheerless weather !"

If the world 's a wilderness,
Go, build houses in it !
Will it help your loneliness
On the winds to din it ?
Raise a hut, however slight ;
Weeds and brambles smother ;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorn brother.

If the world 's a vale of tears,
Smile, till rainbows span it !
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear of clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver ;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

LUCY LARCOM.

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